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Stopping at the Joyce Kilmer Rest Stop on a Snowy Evening

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The whole East Coast is buried
in weather we manufactured
indirectly: the carbon emissions
unconscious. How curious, this sameness.

Kilmer died fighting in France
in 1918. He wrote, "I think that I shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree,"

but was silent on the topic
of rest stops,
how the engine pauses,
and the Starbucks' steamer hisses,
and all states feel equidistant

though this is nominally
New Jersey. He exploded
before he could picture a cup of coffee,
dark and complex
like modern poetry—

Ezra Pound's maybe—
which, though stronger than Kilmer's,
still isn't cool and plain and pure
as a tree.

Soldier, soldier:
can you tell us where to go
now that we've shaken up the glass
globe and brought down the snow?